THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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SECTION THREE

BACK TRACKS.

By Henry C. Rowland.

PART II.

THE fight was over, and almost immediately I heard the windlass in the bow going around and the chain hawsers coming in. Vehement orders were frenziedly chattered in a fierce and constant flow of monosyllables, and from what I was able to understand I gathered that a part of the gang were to take the brig immediately to sea.

In the general confusion I appeared to have been overlooked, and lay bound and helpless where I had been dropped. Suddenly a shout came from forward, the clank of the hawser ceased ,and the fore-topsail began to flap lazily. A louder order was shouted from the poop, and the crowd about the deck broke up, half of them hurrying to the side. Three men who were at the main halliards belayed them where they were, and slipping to where I lay dragged me roughly and started to drag me to the side. I supposed, of course, that I was going overboard, and had in fact become quite reconciled to the idea, and was trying to get a cold consolation from the sight of the prostrate bodies that lay about the deckhouse, but as I saw how many they were I began to fear that possibly there might be something warmer in store for me than the black waters of the bay.

I was hauled over the gunwale and dropped heavily into the bottom of the dhow, and a few seconds later McKim was laid alongside of me. He was unconscious and breathing stertorously, and I got my shoulder under his head and hauled a loose piece of matting up over him with my teeth, for the night was cold and his shirt had been torn to pieces.

A few final orders were shouted from the deck of the brig, which was already under way, and we cast off and headed up the river. I was beginning to feel dizzy and light-headed, for although I did not notice it at the time I had lost a good deal of blood from a long shallow slash where some beggar had wiped a knife across the front of my chest; perhaps I simply slept, but at any rate I have no recollection of the first part of the trip. When I finally awoke, or came to myself, the dawn had broken and I saw by the gray, early light that we were working up a winding stream which flowed sluggishly between irregular mountains of no great height which I judged to be the Yongnans—foothills of the Bohea range that runs northeasterly from the north of Kwang Tung. We had probably been sculling by relays all night, but towards sunrise the breeze blew in from the sea, so the big square sail was hoisted and we made good sailing time.

The behavior of our captors when they saw that I was awake and inclined to take an interest in things, rather surprised me. At first I was so stiff and sore that I could hardly move; my shoulders felt as if they were being racked, but my arms and hands were entirely devoid of all sensation. By squirming around a it I managed to get in a sitting position. There was a Chinaman on either side of me, one smoking and the other busy with a wooden bowl of rice and chopped greens. Although I knocked against them in my effort to rise they did not pay me the slightest attention, but a man who seemed to be a person of authority caught sight of me a few moments later, and said something to one of the men beside me, who drew his knife and cut the lashing around my wrists. I could, no doubt, have made myself understood, and was rather tempted to ask some questions, but decided to conceal what knowledge I had of their language in the hope of learning something of what was to happen. A little later, however, a bowl of rice was handed me.

McKim was still unconscious, but his pulse was fairly good and his breathing quiet and even. I did not feel much concern about him, as I had a sort of notion that he might be in a better state than I was. Nevertheless I tore a piece from my shirt and, dipping it over the side, washed the blood away from his wounds and bound them up. No one seemed to take the slightest interest in the proceeding, and it even seemed to me that such glances as were thrown casually our way were strangely free from malice. Indeed, I knew enough of Chinese character to appreciate that in their utter selfishness such as had survived the fight of the night before were possibly gratified on the whole that we had lessened the number among whom the profits of the expedition were to be divided.

As we worked up the river it kept growing narrower and narrower, and sometimes it would loop so that it was necessary to clew up the sail and scull for a while in the direction whence we had come. We passed two towns, both of which were laid out on the same plan, and deserted. They were built upon the sides of hills that faced the river, and around each there ran a triangular wall with the base along the shore and the apex near the summit. There seemed to be a sort of citadel surounded by another wall built inside. These defenses, I supposed, were built for resistance against the Tartar pirates that used to swoop down along the coast and ravage the seaboard cities. The hills on both sides of the river were growing higher and wilder as we proceeded, though some of the valleys seemed to be somewhat cultivated.

About sundown we sighted a village ahead, at the base of a big dome-shaped mountain, and, as we drew near, I saw that we were to stop there. I was glad of it, for the suspense and pain of my wound was beginning to be unbearable. McKim was regaining consciousness, and occasionally muttered incoherently. As we drew up to a bamboo jetty that was built out into the stream I noticed a very old man who was in the little crowd that had come down to meet us. He was apparently of great age, although strong and active, and in spite of his round, stooping shoulders, and the deep wrinkles that seamed his face, there was something about him that again suggested that bizarre resemblance to McKim.

We were carried ashore and laid on the ground near a hut, the crowd watching us apathetically, but the old man I have mentioned drew near and appeared to ask some questions of our captain. The next moment he became perfectly convulsed, and when he straightened out again I saw that his face was simply demoniacal with rage. He came hobbling over to us with such an uncanny agility and a look of such concentrated hatred and malice upon his face that I decided that at last we had swung to the end of our scope.

McKim was the nearest to him, and was lying on his back, his face flushed, and muttering to himself with lips parched from fever. As the old man approached him I saw an expression of the most utter astonishment pass over his face, and following his gaze saw that his eyes were fixed on the rosary or amulet that hung about the neck of my shipmate. The next moment he had it in his hand and was breaking into exclamations of wonder and awe. He kept glancing from the rosary to McKim's face ,and suddenly he darted to him, took his head between his hands, and said a few quick, harsh words. McKim stared at him stupidly for a moment, then answered:

"Annah."

I did not know it at the time, but have since discovered that word for "mother" of the Tuscaroras and Six Nations is "Annah," which is the same as the Tartar word. But the effect on the old man was magical. He fairly capered with excitement, and in a moment came rushing over to me and fired a torrent of questions, but I simply pointed to McKim, and then toward the east, at which he nodded several times. I think I had unwittingly answered his question.

Suddenly McKim began to talk, slowly at first, then rapidly and incoherently. The old man dropped on his haunches beside him and listened with the most peculiar expression I ever saw upon a human face. Wonder, interest, awe and fear chased one another successively across his features, and all the time there was the look of one listening to a long-forgotten melody. At first I thought McKim's mutterings were inarticulate and meaningless, but pretty soon I recognized the fact that he was talking to himself in a North American Indian dialect, many of the guttural sounds of which once heard are unmistakable, and all the while the old Chinaman was listening with the ecstacy of a parent who, almost contrary to his belief, hears the voice of a child whom he has long believed dead.

Soon, however, the talking ceased. McKim moaned and raised a bloody hand to his head. The old man posted off and a few minutes later some coolies came down with stretchers, and we were taken up to a hut where, under the supervision of our aged friend, some of the women stripped and bathed us and then laid us on mattings, covering us with homespun blankets, for the evening was chilly.

I lay awake a long time, partly from the pain of my wound and partly because the affairs of the afternoon had suggested something to my mind, and the more I thought it out the more convinced I became that my theory was a possible if not a probable one. McKim had once told me that his grandmother was a Tuscarora squaw, and that he had been brought up among the Indians. In that case it was more than probable that he had picked up one or more dialects to which, in his feverish and unbalanced mental condition, his mind might naturally revert.

I knew that there were many proofs of the Asiatic origin of the Indian tribes of North America, the similarity of many words, the same system of counting; their strong comparative anatomical resemblance, as well as those of disposition, religions and system of hieroglyphics. A man who had made a study of philology had once told me that in eighty-three American languages 173 words have the same roots in both continents. Could it not be possible that some one dialect had preserved its integrity? Then the little incident of the rosary occurred to me, and that suggested another train of thought. Our captors had not paid any attention to the thing whatever, except that one of them ran it through his hands, apparently to ascertain if it possessed any intrinsic value, and had dropped it as worthless. But the moment the old man had seen it he had become violently agitated; and, I thought, a trifle alarmed, for he had looked around apprehensively, and now that I came to think of it, he was of an entirely different type from the rest of the crowd. He seemed more of a Tartar or Hun, which, however, made it rather difficult to account for his presence way in the southeast of Asia.

This suggested another idea. I had heard of these rosaries being found in Thibet and Mongolia, but never, that I could remember, in China. Evidently the rosary had some particular significance to the old man that it had not to the others. And the old man was of a distinctly different type. Then I recalled what I knew about the early history of Asia. I remembered that toward the close of the twelfth century one Tchinggiskhan, the king of the southern branch of the great tribe of Huns, who had not shared in the great southwestern movement of the northern Huns, came down from the northern steppes of Mongolia and ravaged the country far and wide. He overran China Tartary, India, Poland, Hungary, Persia and Syria. Later his grandson, Khan Khoubilai, finished the conquest of China, and, for the first time that we know of, subdued that vast empire. Khoubilai's domain was the largest that ever existed. It reached northward to the deserts beyond the In Chan mountains, westward into Gobi, the Sandy desert; eastward it touched the river Siao, and to the south it formed the shore of the Youe sea. A hundred years later Tchon Youen-Tchang founded the great Ming dynasty, one of the first acts of which was to expel the Tartars from their domain. But the great southern movement of Khoubilai would, I thought, account for the pure Tartar stock in almost any part of the Chinese empire. Might it not be that some clan had split off from the main horde or army, and, being separated and possibly cut off by enemies, had remained, or pushed southeast to strike sea water?

To trace McKim's Tartar origin was more difficult, but there were a few strong evidences. The rosary given him by his Indian ancestress, his dialect and his undeniable physical resemblance to the Mongols. I called to mind an early writer who had referred the savage and larger portion of America to the north of Asia, and the civilized families of Mexico and Peru to ancient Egypt and Southern Asia. The Tartars who inhabited the deserts north of the great wall of China were a nomadic, roving race, and the geographical conformity of Bering strait would make an eastern migration perfectly possible. Once having reached the continent of North America they would naturally turn their faces southward, finding no resistance and a rich and fertile country before them. The more I thought of the matter the more I became satisfied with my theory, and finally, having reached a standstill, I fell asleep.

The murmur of voices awekened me, and, turning over, I saw that the room was full of men who were arguing excitedly and occasionally casting scowling looks at McKim, who was sleeping heavily. But our old friend of the evening before was the most excited of the lot, and apparently the most authoritative, for finally the tumult ceased, and the rabble poured out. I tried to get up, but he shook his head and motioned for me to remain where I was. One of the women brought me some food, a stew of chicken and rice and a few slices of raw fish.

With the old man's permission, I moved my mat to the doorway of the hut and amused myself watching the fishermen along the river bank. Evidently our jailer was disposed, for he spoke to one of the women, who steeped me a bowl of tea and furnished me with a pipe and tobacco. I tried to talk with him, as I was somewhat familiar with the dialect of the coast, but, although he made every effort to understand me, he was unsuccessful.

After it had grown dark he went out, but in a few minutes returned with a heavily padded tunic. I was not at all chilly, but he motioned for me to put it on. A few minutes later two coolies came in, and, lifting McKim, mat and all, carried him outside the door, where there were a little knot of men waiting—coolie carriers I made them out to be. McKim was laid in a hammock swung from a bamboo, and our host, or jailer, motioned for me to get into another like it, and in a few moments we were all in motion.

Although it was very dark, I could see that we were climbing up into a very wild country. Occasionally the road led along the edge of a chasm, and I could hear the water boiling far beneath. At dawn we reached a little hut, where we remained all day, and at night the trip began again, this time with new coolies. On the fourth morning of our journey McKim's condition began to change for the better, and, after sleeping all day quite naturally, he suddenly awoke to consciousness. I did not want to excite him any more than was necessary, so in answer to his question simply said that we were prisoners, but were being well treated and just now were moving into the interior, probably to make escape more difficult. That seemed to satisfy him, and, after eating a light meal, he went to sleep.

That night we traveled again, and as the first light began to break in the east I saw that we were entering a big, fertile valley. We changed bearers once more, but the following day continued our travel instead of waiting for the darkness.

As soon as we started, I noticed a difference in our coolies. They were leaner, more muscular, and more of the Tartar or Samoeide type. I noticed also that the old man seemed to address them in a different tongue and that they treated him with great deference.

When we halted at noon McKim was wide awake and taking an active interest in his surroundings. While we were talking, for I had told him nothing about the queer events at Hai Chin, the old man approached, and as he drew near I could see that he was powerfully agitated. He tried once or twice to speak, but seemed unable to articulate. Finally he jerked out a few guttural words.

The effect on McKim was magical. He was on his feet like a flash, and stood with his head dropped between his shoulders, looking at the old Chinaman through narrowed lids—every muscle was tense, and his lower jaw worked nervously up and down like a pointer dog when he is standing a covey. The Chinaman's face was set and rigid, and, with his eyes boring straight into McKim, he spoke slowly fdur monosyllabic words and like an echo the words came back, followed by a dozen or so more.

Then the spell was rudely broken. The old man uttered a sudden cry, and the bearers came running up. He spoke to them in quick, unmusical words while they stood apparently wonderstruck, uttering at intervals astonishing grunts, much resembling the "Ugh! ugh!" of the American Indian.

I turned to my partner. "McKim, what the deuce does it all mean?"

He looked at me, his face dazed and awestruck.

"He talks my grandmother's language," he said weakly.

"Is he talking it now?"

"No, but he is talking one likt it. What does it mean, doctor?" He turned on me almost fiercely.

"It means," I answered, "that you are among your relatives. I hope they are glad to see you. He can tell you more about it than I can."

McKim turned to the old man and said a few words. The moment he began to speak the coolies dropped upon their knees and touched their foreheads to the ground. The old man stood listening respectfully. In a moment he answered.

"His name is Khan-ghi-sen," said McKim, turning to me. "He says I speak an almost forgotten language used only by the nobility of his tribe, and he wants to know where I come from."

"Suppose you ask him where you are going," I suggested. "Keep him guessing, as you Yankees say."

McKim turned to Khan-ghi-sen and spoke. It seemed to me that the khan was rather apologetic in his manner.

"He says to my own people," said McKim. "I don't know what he means by that."

"Ask him if your people came down here 600 years ago from the northward beyond the great wall," I ventured.

McKim repeated the question. It was easy to see that my straight shot had gone home. The khan was evidently overcome with curiosity, and from that time on treated me with marked respect.

"He wants to know why you ask that question," said McKim. "He says that it is not well that one not of our people should know so much. But he says we must be going on."

Night had fallen when we reached the outskirts of the village, but evidently something unusual was going on, for the streets were crowded with people, and as we passed the temple we heard the muffled "hoom-boom" of the great drum, and the noiseless tread o fthe priests round and round. No one impeded us in any way, but there were many curious glances as our hammocks passed, and more and more was I struck by the similarity of these people to my shipmate.

The arrangement of the houses was different from anything I ever saw before in China. They were built of bamboo and wicker work closely thatched and a peculiar conical shape, with a bilge about six feet from the ground, a Tartar style of architecture, as I afterward discovered.

We entered one of the best, which had evidently been arranged for our reception. Inside there were a couple of large, comfortable couches, the sides of which were of a peculiar scroll-shaped design, and in one corner there was a little recess in which stood—or rather squatted—a brass image of Buddha about eighteen inches in height, in front of which were arranged in a semi-circle nine brazen vases of wine-glass shape.

About 8 o'clock the following morning the khan appeared and took McKim away with him. When they came back, about two hours later, I could see that McKim was tremendously excited. His hands were working spasmodically, his nostrils distended, and from time to time I caught the red glare from his nostrils, which I learned to associate with unusual excitement. He turned on me abruptly.

"Doctor," he said, "do you know what these people tell me?"

"I can form an idea," said I. "They claim that you are a descendant of their own race, and, more than that, a descendant of their own regal line."

He looked at me in amazement. "How did you ever discover that?" he demanded.

"Simply because I have thought so myself for some time."

"Well," he said, "I give it up. Surprises are coming too fast. But do you know what they want me to do?"

"Rule them?"

"Not quite that, but to remain with them as a sort of prince to be instructed by their wise men, and perhaps later to lead the tribe northward. It seems that their own country is to the north, and they have a tradition that a man of their royal blood will come from across a big water and will lead them home."

"A very hackneyed popular tribal prophecy," I remarked. "And what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've got to think it out. It doesn't make much difference, as they wouldn't let us go just now, anyway."

"What does the khan rank in the outfit?" I asked.

"He is the younger brother of the present chief. He went down to the coast with a good bulk of the opium for the partner of our friend in Manila. It seems we had the misfortune to kill one of his servants who went out with the stuff; rather a favorite with the old man."

"And whose plan was it to scragg us?"

"Oh, that scheme was cooked up by our friend's partner, who wants to start a little piracy business of his own and needed a vessel."

"He got it, and something to boot," I said with a grin, thinking of the way he had dived into the scuppers.

* * *

And then began a process which I hope to God I may never live to see again—the reversion of a man from the civilized to the barbarian. Day by day I could see the insidious process working. Through the wiles of that cunning schemer Khan-ghi-sen, McKim sunk slowly backward through six centuries in a little more than six months. At the end of that time I doubt if there was a fiercer, keener, more bloodthirsty pagan in the whole clan than he. I witnessed the process passively, for I had always felt more interest than affection for my partner. At first the old khan watched me with jealous suspicion, but seeing that I was indifferent, his vigilance relaxed, and we even became, in a way, good friends.

McKim was allowed to taste both the freedom and the darker pleasures of an Oriental life. His manner and disposition began to undergo subtle changes, until the liking I had once felt for him turned gradually into disgust. At last the climax came.

For some time there had been frequent depredations among the scarce flocks of the tribe, and though repeated efforts had been made to detect the robbers, all had been unsuccessful. Finally, one night McKim took a dozen of the young men from the village and managed to ambush and capture the thieves, although in the fight one of his men was knifed and killed. The following day, hearing a great hubbub in the market place, I went over to see what it was all about. To my horror I saw one of the robbers lashed to a stake that had been firmly planted into the ground, while near by a man was heating a spear-head in a little mud furnace. Standing by, apparently directing the proceeding, stood my shipmate.

"McKim," said I, "what under heaven are you up to? Are you going to torture that man?"

"Yes," he answered sullenly; "he has killed one of us."

"But, my God, man, you can't torture him. Remember that you're an American!"

"I am a Mongol," he answered in an even voice; "it is the custom of our people."

"Well, it's not the custom of mine to stand by and see a man tortured." I laid my hand on the hilt of my knife. "Kill him if you want to, but if that beggar with the spear tries to torture him, there will be another of you gone up."

His eyes narrowed, and he tried to glare me down, but if his eyes were aflame, my blood was as well, and I verily believe I would have tackled the whole gang. But I think the good English words brought him to his senses.

"Dr. Boles," he said at length, "it was my fault that you got into this scrape, and I had hoped to be able to make some sort of amends, but it is time we parted. I have wanted to keep you with us, because you stood by me in danger, and my people say your skill is great, and honor and respect you. But your ways are not our ways, and it is better that we part."

* * *

The next day I left for the coast in the care of six coolies and a sort of lieutenant. It was a ten-days' trip to where I could get transportation to Hongkong, but in due time I reached that city without accident. There I found a friend who was captain of a big, flat, sea-going freight car about to clear for Delagoa Bay. He wanted to ship a doctor, as the callow youth that came out with him had got war fever and scuttled off to the Cape.

I was glad to get the billet, as my funds were getting low and the east coast offers many chances.

I have never heard from McKim, and at times it is hard to realize that, even in that land of incongruities, there is today a native-born American, of mingled Puritan and Indian blood, who rules as the lawful and hereditary chief of a thousand wild Asiatics.

A CAPTIVE FAWN.

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

ONE morning last May a guide, looking from the window of his cottage upon a broad green slope of the Blue Mountain forest, saw a white-tailed doe, with her little spotted fawn. But the fawn was limping, and, as he could not keep up with his mother, he bleated plaintively, and back she came to him, looking him over with her large mild eyes, as though to find out why he lagged behind. Then the guide saw that one of the slim hind legs was broken just above the ankle, and, fearing that the helpless youngster might fall a victim to a fox or wild cat, he captured it and brought it in. It took readily to a baby's bottle, and for many days he kept it in a box, where it could neither run nor jump. It was a sensible little creature, and kept its injured limb well off the ground, and as the leg hung straight down, the ends of the broken bone soon knit, and the fawn was able to touch his little black hoof to the floor. Then it was that the benefactor, holding him tight in his arms, drove five miles across the mountains and turned the baby over to me. The little thing limped badly when he was set down on the barn floor, but we gave him a soft bed of hay in one of the stalls, and he soon lay down to rest. When he got up again he seemed better, and, as he was hungry, he let us know it by bleating very gently and by looking towards us eagerly with his big, soft brown eyes. When I held the bottle out to him he knew at once that his food was there, but as he took the nipple in his mouth he instinctively punched me with his hard little head, just as he would have punched his mother had he been taking his dinner with her. After drinking a pint of milk he nibbed a few bits of grass and lay down to rest again.

He was a wonderfully beautiful creature. His glossy coat was reddish-brown in color, with striking white spots on the neck, back and sides. His legs, which were lighter in color, were slender, sinewy and graceful, one of them only being marred by a bunch of hard tissue around the point of fracture. But his head was his most beautiful feature, after all. His great gentle eyes were full of expression, and, in combination with the large, shapely ears, which moved back and forth in response to every sound, showed pleasure, excitement, fear and other emotions almost as plainly as a human face could show them. His disposition was affectionate, and he never tired of licking one's face and hands when he got the chance, making them feel as though they had received a coat of glue.

Of course, I was prepared to believe that the white spots on his otherwise brown coat were there for some good purpose, but they looked so conspicuous, as he stood in the barn, that I could scarcely believe that they were part of a scheme of protective coloration. But one day, after his leg was well enough to permit him to run about a bit, I took him out into the fields. One of these fields was abloom with oxeye daisies, and as the fawn stood among them they at once suggested a reason for the spots upon his coat. I half closed my eyes, and there was no fawn at all; he was a patch of white flowers, like hundreds of similar patches in the same field. Since myriads of daisies and other white flowers are blooming at a time when a fawn is young and helpless, it seems that nature seeks to protect it from its enemies by making it resemble a patch of these flowers. I took a photograph of my fawn in the daisy field, and the result was very interesting. The legs and body of the little creature melt away into the grass, while the white spots stand out conspicuous, like the daisies which surround them.

In front of the stall in which I kept the fawn I placed a barrier four feet high, and, to my astonishment, a few days after his leg was well, he leaped right over it from a standstill, and alighted on the floor of the barn. And yet perhaps this is not to be wondered at when we consider that his father or mother, hard pressed, could clear a height of from eight to nine feet, and possibly more.

Every evening we take the deer out for a run over the hills, using a bottle of milk to coax him back to the barn, after he has had his exercise. Sometimes it looks as though we had seen the last of him, as he disappears going at full speed over the brow of a hill perhaps half a mile away. Then some one shouts, "Here he comes!" and we see him coming, like a brown streak, white tail up and ears laid back, rising like a bird at every rock and bush in his path, checking his speed as he approaches us, and breaking into a brisk, elastic trot, which nothing but a deer can imitate.

We used to take him for his runs in the morning, but one day, after drinking all the milk he cared for, he dashed off into the woods and stayed there until nightfall, when he trotted home so hungry that he tried to swallow the bottle as well as the milk. If the dogs had scented him his protective coloration might not have been sufficient to save his life.

A week or two ago I noticed him display a very curious taste. I was cutting up raw beef for my wolves, and the fawn, which was loose, sauntered up and, seizing a piece weighing a pound or more, carried it off and began to eat it. Thinking that this was too much meat for a baby, I took it away from him, but I offered him a few small pieces, which he ate with every indication of enjoyment.

A NEW FUEL.

(Muncie (Ind.) Cor. Evansville Courier.)

A new fuel successfully tested has been invented by Jacob Smith, a glass worker. It is said to possess more heat units per pound than either coal or wood. it can be manufactured and sold at a profit for half the cost of coal and it does not smoke except when a strong draft is used. Its success as a fuel for domestis uses was determined several weeks ago, but not until this week, when it was used beneath an engine boiler, was its value for manufacturing demonstrated. The fuel is made largely from the refuse of the pulp mills, of which there are a number about Muncie. Each mill turns out thousands of tons of refuse annually. The refuse, a combination of soda and lime, used in the decomposition of wood, is mixed with crude oil, and the finished product resembles putty. It may be cut with a spade and thrown into a furnace or beneath a boiler. No kindling is necessary, for a match touched to it will light readily, the material burning with an intense heat. There are no clinkers and the ashes remaining after the fire has burned down may be made into a new compound, for which Mr. Smith has another use.

A bushel basketful of the material beneath a sixteen horse power engine at a local factory kept steam up for eight hours. It is manufactured as a plasterer makes his mortar. The government patent office has called it the "Smith fuel." Local manufacturers are interested in the tests now being made.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

(Pittsburg Post.)

Lady Ward-heeler—Look here, madam, what's this you've been saying about me?

Lady Candidate—I said you padded the returns; that's what I said.

Lady Ward-heeler—Well ,that's all right. I understood you said I padded myself.

PERFECT DIGESTION.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Milk is known to be one of the few complete foods. It contains the bone, muscle and fat producing elements and sustains the heat of the body. The milk of different classes of animals (mammals) varies in composition to suit the different requirements; thus, mare's milk is richer in sugar, but lacking in protein, compared to cow's milk.

Another fact of interest connected with milk is found in the difficulty with which some persons digest plain milk. It is safe to say that should any organ, secretion or digestive juice fail to perform its free duty, the milk consumed will not be properly digested. The reason for this is simple. Milk contains such a variety of compounds that all portions of the digestive system are called into activity for the digestion of these varied elements. The gastric juice attacks the cheesy matter; the pancreatic and intestinal juices digest the sugars and fats. This takes the milk through the stomach and the small intestines into the larger intestines. The lower intestine digests wood fiber also. This alone of all the forms of nutrient is not found in milk. Because of the facts above stated the ability to drink milk is a test of perfect digestion in nearly all cases.

INFLUENTIAL.

(Boston Transcript.)

Hicks—The gray mare appears to be the better horse in Milbury's family; he doesn't seem to have a great deal of influence in his home government.

Wicks—I know; but he is a man of immense influence in other ways. I have heard him say hundreds of times that it was only necessary for him to take his ambrella along to bring pleasant weather.